

Tupac - How Do You Want It? Lyrics

(feat. K-Ci and JoJo)

[Chorus: K-Ci and JoJo]

How do you want it? How does it feel?
Comin up as a nigga in the cash game
livin in the fast lane; I'm for real
How do you want it? How do you feel?
Comin up as a nigga in the cash game
livin in the fast lane; I'm for real

[Verse One: 2Pac]

Love the way you activate your hips and push your ass out
Got a nigga wantin it so bad I'm bout to pass out
Wanna dig you, and I can't even lie about it
Baby just alleviate your clothes, time to fly up out it
Catch you at a club, oh shit you got me fiendin
Body talkin shit to me but I can't comprehend the meaning
Now if you wanna roll with me, then here's your chance
Doin eighty on the freeway, police catch me if you can
Forgive me i'm a rider, still I'm just a simple man
All I want is money, fuck the fame I'm a simple man
Mr. International, playa with the passport
Just like Aladdin bitch, get you anything you ask for
It's either him or me -- champagne, Hennessey
A favorite of my homies when we floss, on our enemies
Witness as we creep to a low speed, peep what a hoe need
Puff some mo' weed, funk, ya don't need
Approachin hoochies with a passion, been a long day
But I've been driven by attraction in a strong way
Your body is bangin baby I love it when you flaunt it
Time to give it to daddy nigga now tell me how you want it
(Tell me how you want it! La-dy, yeahhhyeah)

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: 2Pac]

Tell me is it cool to fuck?
Did you think I come to talk am I a fool or what?
Positions on the floor it's like erotic, ironic
cause I'm somewhat psychotic
I'm hittin switches on bitches like I been fixed with hydraulics
Up and down like a roller coaster, I'm up inside ya
I ain't quittin til the show is over, cause I'ma rider
In and out just like a robbery, I'll probably be a freak

and let you get on top of me, get her rockin these
Nights full of Alize, a livin legend
You ain't heard about these niggaz play these Cali days
Delores Tucker, youse a motherfucker
Instead of tryin to help a nigga you destroy a brother
Worse than the others -- Bill Clinton, Mr. Bob Dole
You're too old to understand the way the game is told
You're lame so I gotta hit you with the hot facts
Want some on lease? I'm makin millions, niggaz top that
They wanna censor me; they'd rather see me in a cell
livin in hell -- only a few of us'll live to tell
Now everybody talkin bout us I could give a fuck
I'd be the first one to bomb and cuss
Nigga tell me how you want it

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: 2Pac]

Raised as a youth, tell the truth I got the scoop
on how to get a bulletproof, because I jumped from the roof
before I was a teenager, mobile phone, SkyPager
Game rules, I'm livin major -- my adversaries
is lookin worried, they paranoid of gettin buried
One of us gon' see the cemetary
My only hope to survive if I wish to stay alive
Gettin high, see the demons in my eyes, before I die
I wanna live my life and ball, make a couple million
And then I'm chillin fade em all, these taxes
got me crossed up and people tryin to sue me
Media is in my business and they actin like they know me
Hahaha, but I'ma mash out, peel out
I'm with it quick I'se quick to whip that fuckin steel out
Yeah nigga it's some new shit so better get up on it
When ya see me tell a nigga how ya want it
How do you want it?

[Chorus 2X]

[2Pac]

How you want it?
Yeah my nigga Johnny J
Yeah, we out

[Chorus]

[2Pac]

Tell me

[Chorus]

[2Pac]

Cash game, livin in the fast lane, I'm for real